A POWER COMIC

THE MAG WITH SPIDERMAN PLUS DAREDEVIL!

SMASH! AND POW!

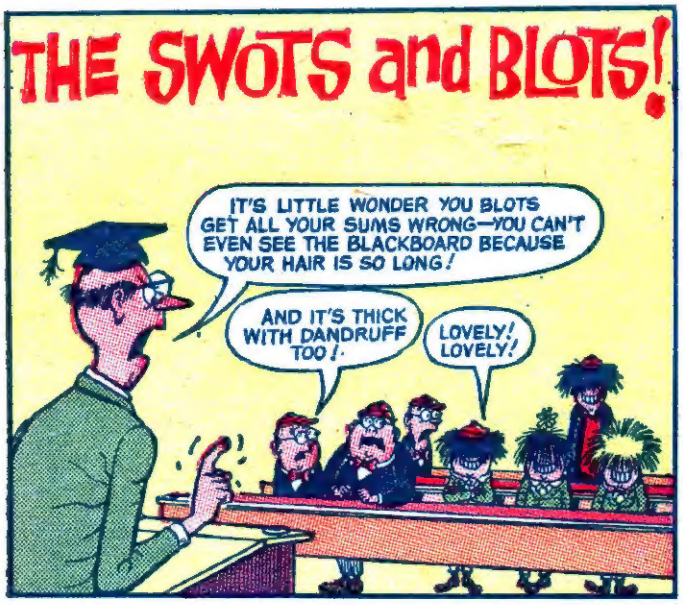
No. 141

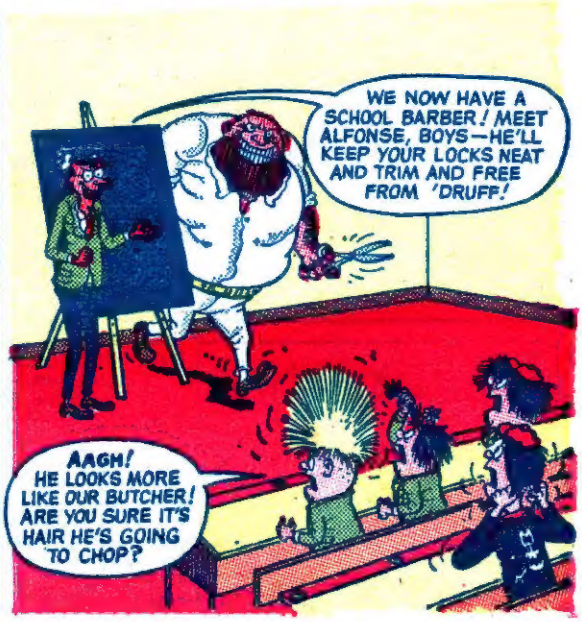
12th OCT. 1968

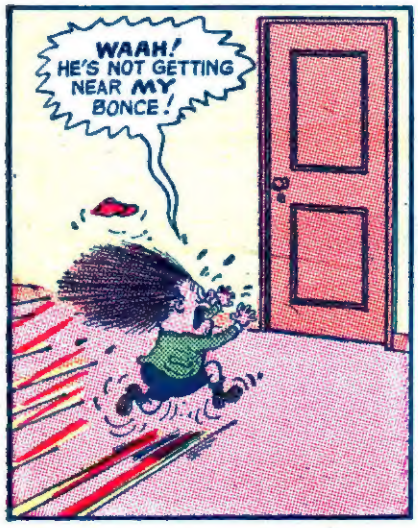
EVERY MONDAY 7d

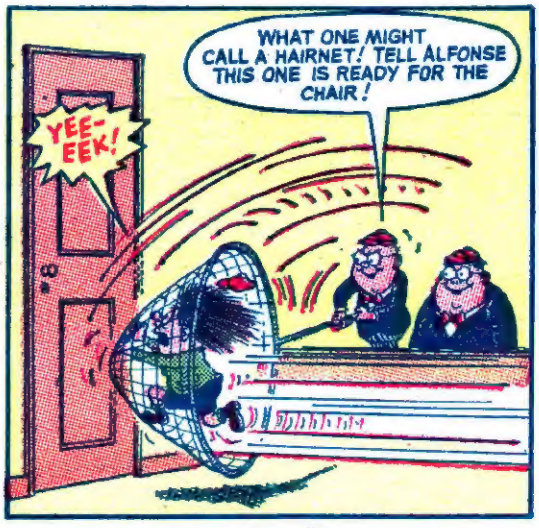
AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

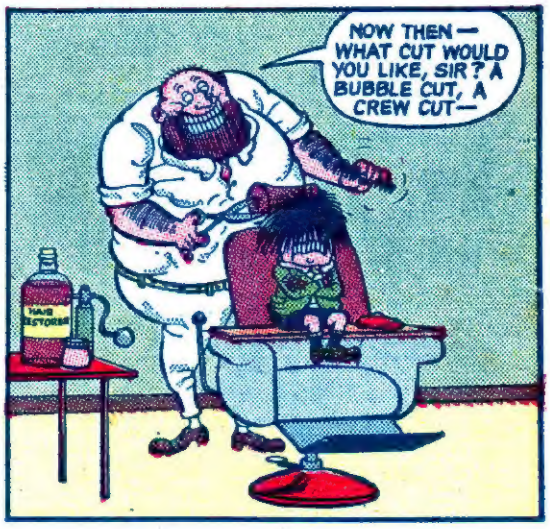
THE SWOTS and BLOTS!

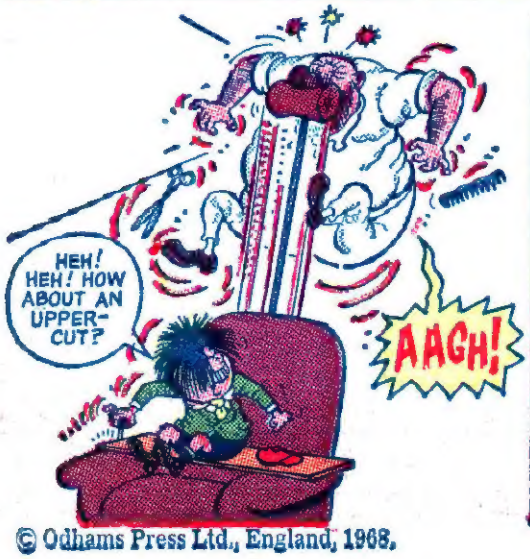


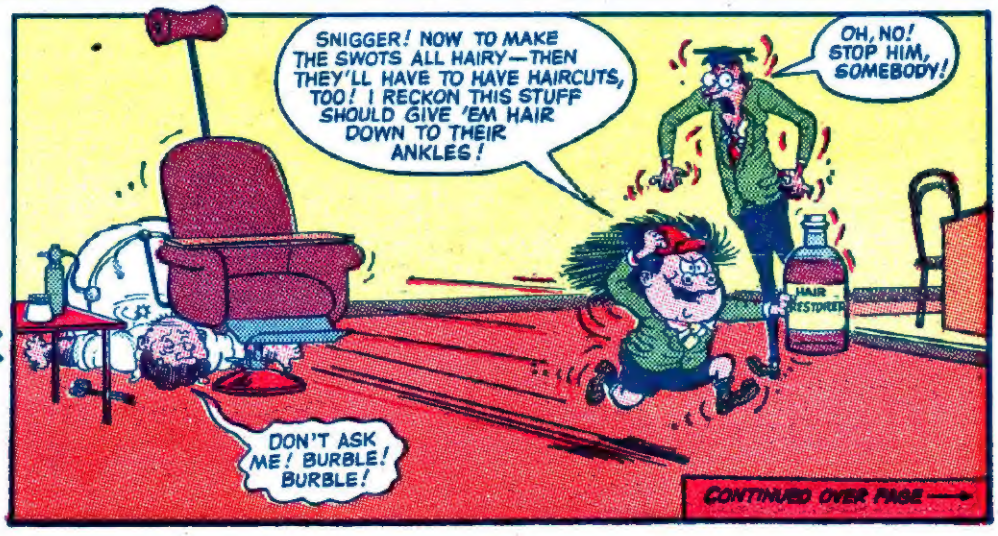












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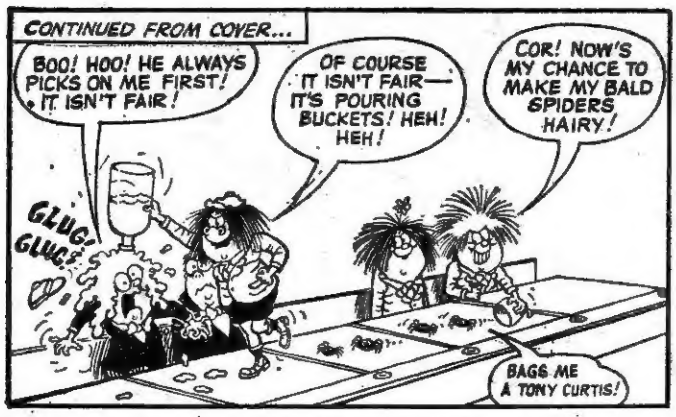

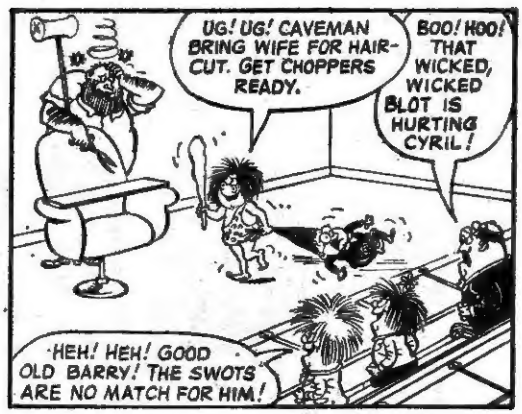

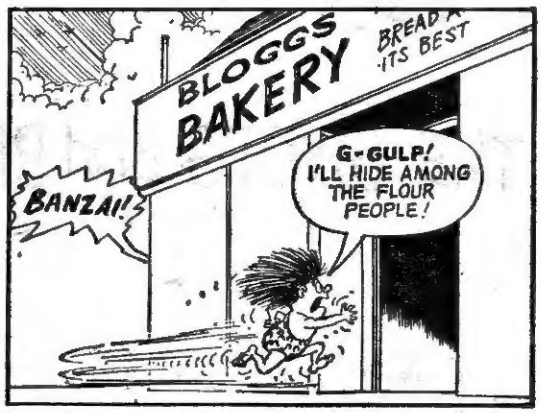

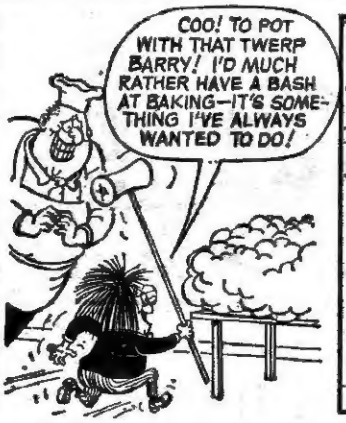

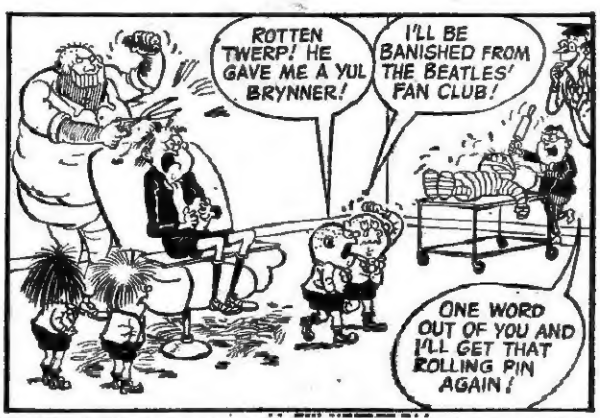

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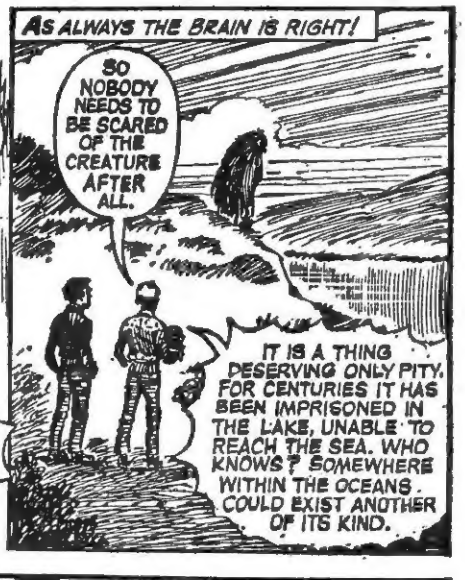
BRIAN'S BRAIN



news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO HAPPEN TO DO THINGS ... AND THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE TO WHOM THINGS DO HAPPEN! ... some body or other once said that (because we have the hunch it's too darned profound for little old us to have dreamed up!) And ain't it the ever-lovin' truth?! Like us up here in the Garret! We seem to belong to the latter category. We don't just mean damp and cold and heat happen to us, we get that in the garret all the time, sometimes all at once! And we're used to it!

No, we mean things HAPPEN! To some garrateers more than others. Like CASANOVA COS, already beaming from one ear clear round to the next ... because the great SMASH/POW happened to him! And now something ELSE is happening to him! And it's something GOOD, too! We can tell that, even though he just CAN'T stretch that grin of his any more than it's stretched already! Keeps sighing blissfully about ... great new stories! ... spectres! ... apes! Things like that! And is he HAPPY about it!! But right now we've got our spies in COS'S cubbyhole ... and when we know we'll let you know ... soon!

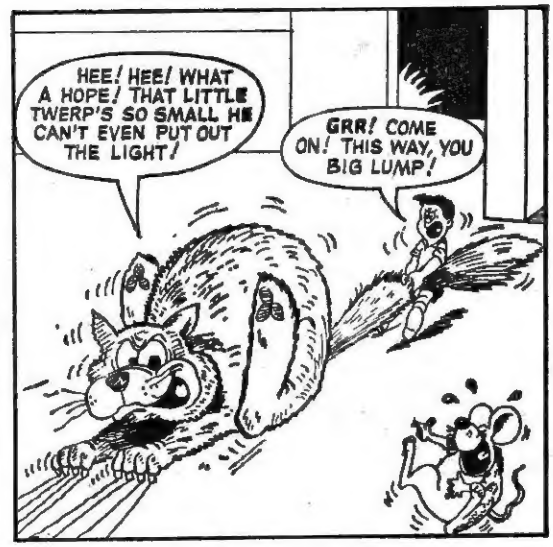
AND SPEAKING OF STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING ... readers of FANTASTIC this week will see a stranger happens to appear right in the last picture of the X-MEN story instalment. Well-muscled, he is! Clothed in black! Strong, silent type, too ... because he doesn't even let on WHO HE IS!

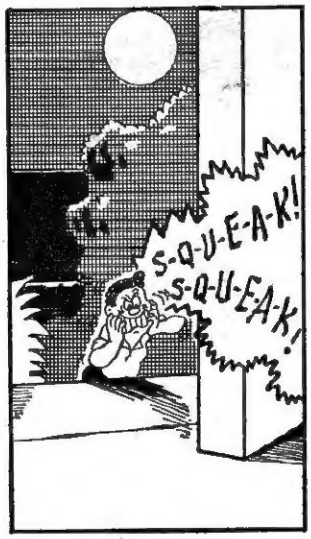
Well, WE are going to bust his security veil right down. His name is THE PANTHER! (Or T'CHALLA to his friends!) The ruler of an African jungle nation, who just HAPPENED to be recommended to the new AVENGERS by CAP AMERICA! Sure it is that THE PANTHER is truly one for the book ... swift, strong, and sometimes, almost as ruthless as the jungle big cat whose name he bears! It's the first time he's ever appeared in the Power Pack ... and you'll see him in action ... in FANTASTIC! ... next week! Like the man said ... DON'T MISS IT!

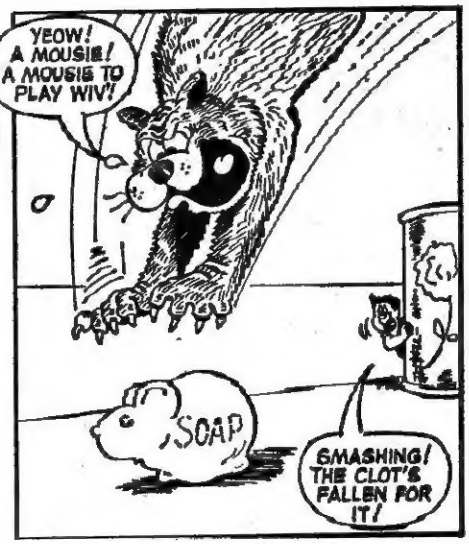
MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACKED PEOPLE ...

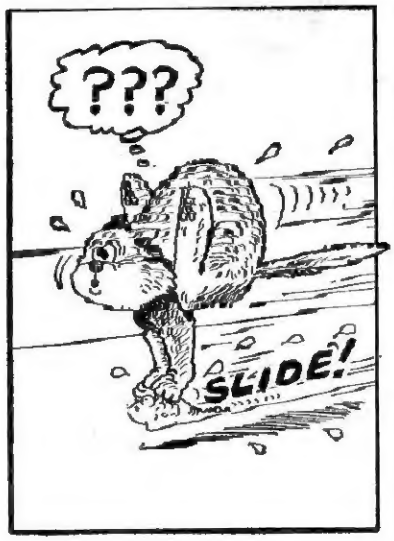
Richard Malone, Cheltenham, Glos.; David Lear, Lichfield, Staffs.; Malcolm Carruthers, Cirencester, Glos.; Simon Rudyk, Cardiff; Derek Drysdale, Rotherhithe, London; John Field, Brighouse, Yorks.; Jonathan Martin, Sale, Cheshire; Arthur Hume, Morpeth, Northumberland; Gary Forsyth, London, N.4; Kevin Cronin, London, W.10; Graham Skerries, Bedfont, Middx.; Gwynfa Hopkins, East Acton, London; Cathy Dumas, Gibraltar; Timothy Ellis, Ridgehaven, S. Australia; Charles Sankey, Lagos, Nigeria; Gary Turner, Kirkby, nr. Liverpool; Charles Boyle, Isle of Bute, Rothesay; Victor Sylver, Freetown, Sierra Leone; Eilir Jones, Pwll, Llanelli; Gary Owens, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire.

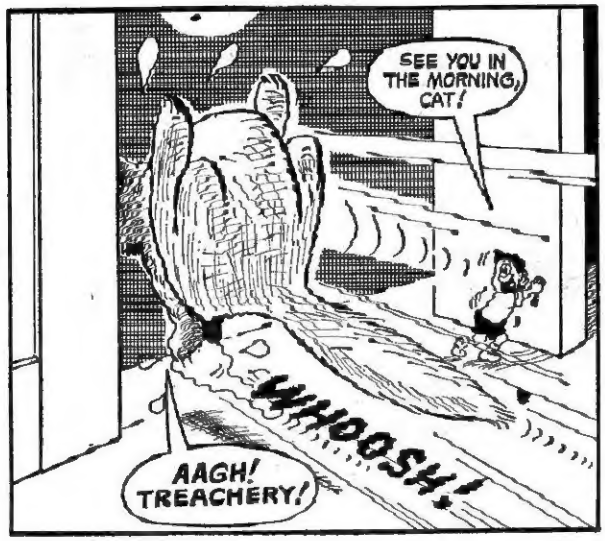
SAMMY SHRINK



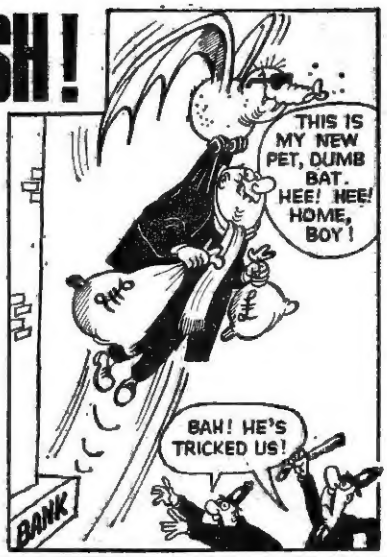




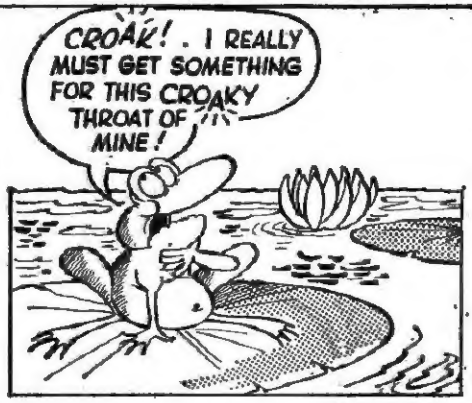


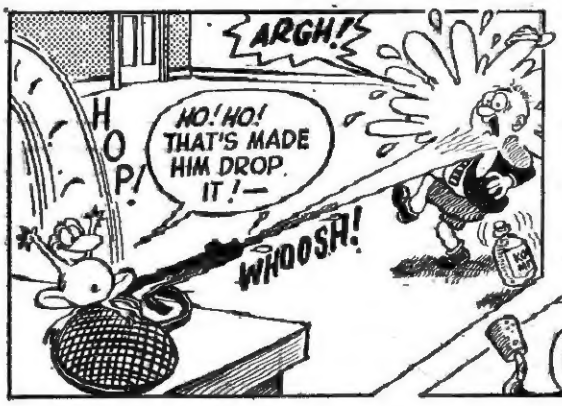


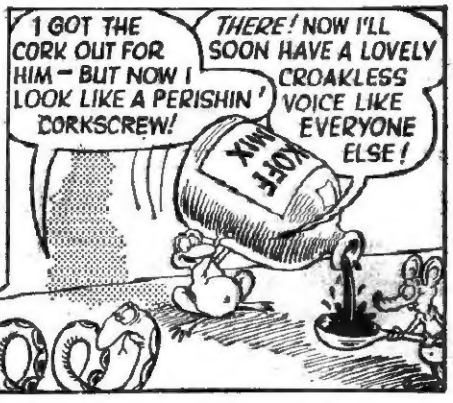
GRIMLY FEENDISH!

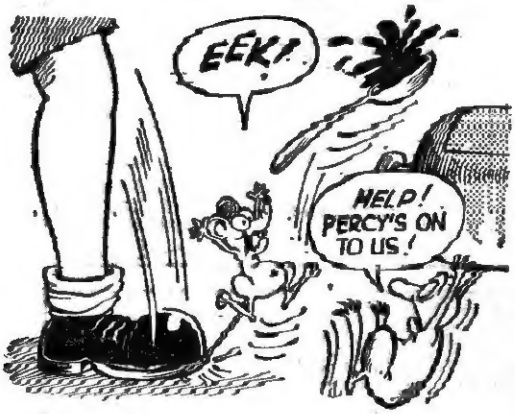


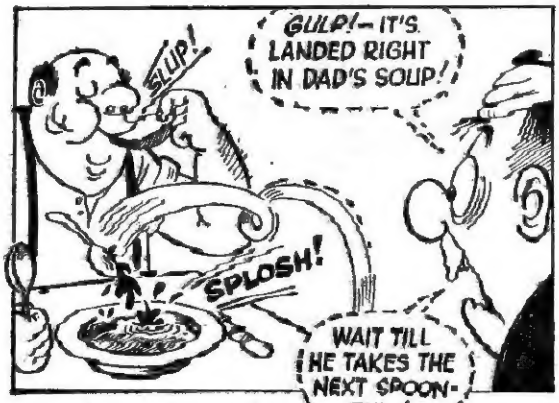
PeRcY's Pets

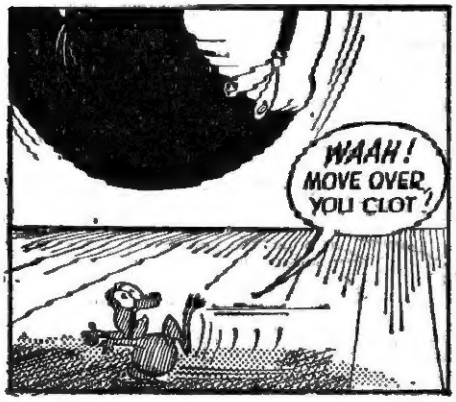


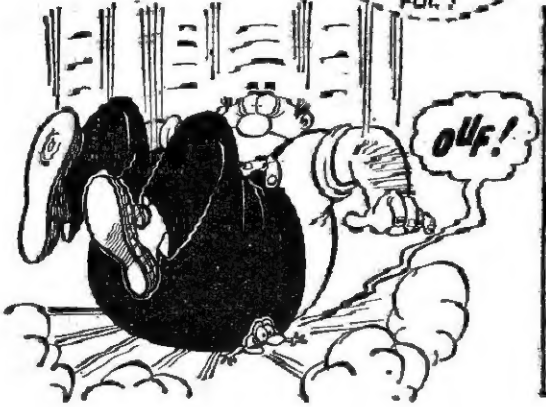












HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

versus The STILT-MAN!

OUR BAD OL' BUDDY THE MASKED MARAUDER IS MASTER-MINDING AN ATTACK ON MATT MURDOCK'S OFFICE, AND **WHO** IS FULFILLING THE FOUL DEED? THAT'S RIGHT— THE STILT-MAN IT IS!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO HIM--HE'S AS BRILLIANT A STRATEGIST AS HE CLAIMED TO BE!
HE'S LOWERING THE INFLATED BALLOON--WITH THE PLATFORM ATTACHED BENEATH IT!
WE'LL BE SAFELY OUT OF HERE--WITH OUR CAPTIVES--BEFORE ANYONE WHO SAW ME CAN REACH THE OFFICE!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

AND, WITHIN THE HOVERING SHIP--
SECURE ALL CARGO!
STAND AWAY! I'M HAULING UP PLATFORM--!

IT WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK--!
JUST AS ALL THE PLANS OF THE MASKED MARAUDER DO!
STILT-MAN, PREPARE TO RETRACT!
IT'S TIME TO LEAVE THE AREA!

OKAY! NAIL AWAY! WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR!
WHIT!!

PERFECT! EVERYONE'S SAFELY ABOARD!
NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO ACTIVATE THE FORCE FIELD AGAIN!

DID YOU LEAVE THE NOTE FOR DAREDEVIL, AS PLANNED?
YEAH! RIGHT ON THE DESK WHERE HE CAN'T MISS IT!
I'LL JUST TIE OUR PIGEONS UP NOW--
THOUGH WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE BLIND ONE!

THEN, AS THE CAPTIVES RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS, AND THE MINUTES TURN TO HOURS--
HEY, THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS!
HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE GONNA HAVE TO WAIT?
UNTIL DAREDEVIL FINDS THAT NOTE...
OR, UNTIL OUR GUESTS REVEAL HIS IDENTITY TO ME!

IF THAT'S ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW, I'LL TELL YOU!
MATT!! NO! YOU CAN'T!
WHY NOT? ANYTHING TO GET US OUT OF HERE!
DAREDEVIL IS MIKE MURDOCK --MY TWIN BROTHER!

AT LAST! I KNEW WE'D FIND OUT!
THE NOTE IS STILL WHERE YOU LEFT IT-- BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW!
ALL THAT MATTERS IS--
MIKE MURDOCK MUST DIE!

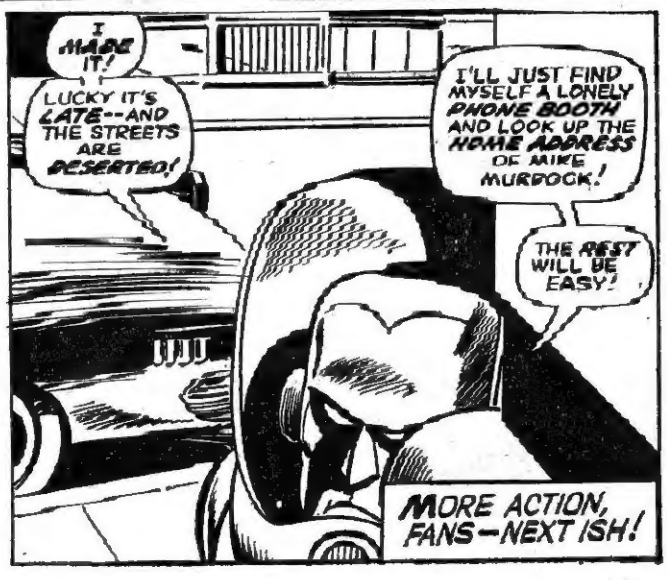
WELL, IN KAREN'S EYES I'VE JUST ELECTED MYSELF NEEL OF THE YEAR--BUT I HAD TO DO IT!
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS FOR ME TO TURN INTO DAREDEVIL-- BUT I CAN'T DO IT YET!
FIRST, I'VE GOT TO DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION--AND THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY!
DON'T WORRY, KAREN! OL' MIKE WILL BE TOO SMART FOR THEM! THEY WON'T GET HIM!
HE'S BEATEN BETTER MEN THAN THOSE BEFORE!
OH, MATT-- MATT! HOW COULD YOU! HOW COULD YOU HAVE BETRAYED YOUR OWN BROTHER?
I NEVER EXPECTED IT OF YOU-- NEVER!
THERE'S AN ESCAPE DOOR ON MY RIGHT! IF I CAN GET THE MARAUDER TO OPEN IT--!
NOW THAT WE KNOW WHO DAREDEVIL IS, WE NEED WAIT NO LONGER!
I'LL BRING THE SHIP LOW ENOUGH FOR YOU TO EXTEND YOUR METAL LEGS AND REACH THE GROUND!
THEN ALL YOU NEED DO IS FIND MIKE MURDOCK!
WELL, MATTHEW BOY--IF YOU EVER HAD A CHANCE WITH KAREN, FORGET IT!
YOU JUST BLEW THE WHOLE BIT!

AND, AS THE HELICOPTER BEGINS ITS SLOW DESCENT--
REMEMBER-- YOUR JOB IS TO FIND MIKE MURDOCK--AND DESTROY HIM!
OKAY! OKAY! I GET THE PITCH! YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRAW ME A PICTURE!

I'VE SHUT OFF THE FORCE FIELD! IT'S SAFE TO LEAVE THE SHIP NOW!
WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
BRING 'ER DOWN LOWER, MISTER! THESE STILTS OF MINE DON'T EXTEND FOREVER!
ALL RIGHT! THAT'S LOW ENOUGH! NOW HOLD HER STEADY--!

IF I DO THIS FAST ENOUGH--
I'LL BE ON THE GROUND--
AND SAFELY OUT OF SIGHT--
BEFORE ANYONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED!

SAY, BILL--DID YOU JUST SEE SOMETHING FLASH OUT OF THE SKY?
AWW, COME ON, CHUCK! NOT ANOTHER FLYING SAUCER?
OR, WAS IT SANTA'S SLEIGH?
NO---- I'M SURE I SAW SOMETHING METAL--!
MUST HAVE BEEN A REFLECTION, I GUESS!


I MADE IT!
LUCKY IT'S LATE--AND THE STREETS ARE DESERTED!
I'LL JUST FIND MYSELF A LONELY PHONE BOOTH AND LOOK UP THE HOME ADDRESS OF MIKE MURDOCK!
THE REST WILL BE EASY!
MORE ACTION, FANS—NEXT ISH!

SOMETHING UNFORSEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —
WIZARD PRANG
DEMON DRUID
IN
WIZ WAR!
— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE!
AT LAST I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO GET RID OF THAT DRATTED SON-OF-AN-EGG... ENGLEBERT!
DEMON DRUID LIVES HERE SO WATCH IT!
NOW TO LURE HIM INTO RANGE WITH THE BIRD-CALL OF THE 'LESSER SPOTTED CULTURE VULTURE'!
MEANWHILE, ROUND AT WIZARD PRANG'S...
SQUARK! SQUARK!
?
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE OFF TO?
I HEAR THE CALL OF TRUE LOVE! THE CALL OF THE WILD!
DON'T YOU BE LATE HOME FOR SUPPER! IT'S HAM AND CHIPS!
WHO CARES FOR HAM AND CHIPS AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
WOWEEE! WHAT A SMASHIN' BIRD!
SQUARK!
FIVE-FOUR-THREE-TWO...DON'T SHOOT TILL YOU SEE THE RED IN HIS EYES...
?
...ONE!
SPLANG!
FLAP! FLAP!
FLAP! FLAP!
CURSES! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
LATER...
HELLO! YOU'RE HOME EARLY.
I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT THAT HAM AN' CHIPS AND DECIDED THAT THE TRUE LOVE CAN WAIT.
HEY! WHERE'S MY DINNER?
YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY TILL YOU GROW A NEW SET OF FEATHERS...
...YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT WE ALWAYS DRESS FOR DINNER IN THIS HOUSE!
BANG! CRASH! WALLOP!
AAAWK! THIS JUST AIN'T MY DAY!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I enjoy SMASH a great deal, but there is one thing about Brian's Brain that puzzles me. Could you please tell me if the brain is from a human being? If it isn't could you tell me where he managed to get it? I wouldn't mind one myself, it would come in handy with my homework.

Michael Walsh,
Stevenage, Herts.

Sure would, Mike, but it's REAL brains that count in school work, and Brian's Brain isn't real. He got the brain from his father who had invented it. If you want to know more about it, take a look at SMASH 93, it'll give you all the gen.

Alf and Cos.

JOKE LETTER

Dear Alf and Cos,

Q. What can you hold without touching it?

A. Your breath!

Mark Prince,
Douglas, Isle of Man.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In ish 135 you stated that in SMASH girls are just as important as boys. Okay, wise guys, now answer this one. . . . If that's the case why are all your competitions aimed at boys? Don't deny it, for proof of this is that all the prizes are for boys.

Jennifer Hollingworth,
Darnall, Sheffield.

What do you mean no prizes for girls, Jen? What about that great L.P. record SMASH HITS not so long ago? It was a doozy, even if we say it ourselves!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think Smash is the best comic in the world, but in ish 129 in the Percy's Pets strip you showed a mouse having a bath in a plate of soup. Well, I've always been told that mice eat cheese NOT soup!

Michael Cross,
Birmingham, 20.

Let's put it this way, Mike, we have a soap and water bath, but that doesn't mean to say that we live on soap and water, does it? Let's just laugh about it, anyway . . . SAY CHEESE!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Your Grimly Feendish artist has made a boob. In ish 128 in the bottom left hand picture the man who is pulling Grimly should have a moustache, but it has been left out.

Ralph Calver,
Woodbridge, Suffolk.

We've heard of "hair today and gone tomorrow," but even we agree that he wouldn't have had the time for a quick shave in between frames and growing it again for the last one!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why on earth did you make Daredevil only three pages long in ish 126? Surely it must be one of your most popular features! Just give a thought to all us mad Daredevil fans waiting for a nice long instalment and then we open our comic and find it's only three pages! Have a heart, Alf and Cos!

Linda Groves,
Jersey.

Variety is the spice of life, anyway, that's what they say. . . . So we want to go along with that and give you as many different kinds of strip as possible and by doing that we can't give Daredevil more than three pages very often. Sorry.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Although I like SMASH a lot and it is just great having all these funnies and super-hero stories, I think the one thing it lacks is not having a football story! Please see what you can do about it.

Stephen Foster,
Wednesfield, Staffs.

No football story, huh, Steve? We're on the ball, even if we say it ourselves. . . . You see, the Short Stories we publish every week are a cross-section of all the subjects we think you are interested in. In the past we've published football stories and we will be printing some more. Keepalooking, frantic one!

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is .....

My second favourite feature is .....

Send the coupon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH and POW, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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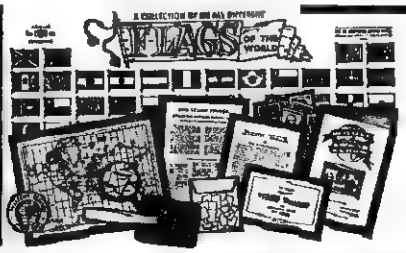
SPECIAL 1968 OFFER
COMPLETE STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT FREE



Here's your chance to get a Beginner's Stamp-Collector's Outfit absolutely FREE. This outfit, worth at least 5/-, contains everything to start you off on the World's Finest Hobby! This is what it includes:

1. World Stamp Album with 120 illustrations to hold 1,530 stamps.
2. Magnifier to check stamps for flaws, etc.
3. Stamp wallet for "swaps," etc.
4. Perforation Gauge to measure perforations.
5. Black Watermark Detector plus full instructions on how to use items 4 and 5.
6. Metal Tweezers for handling stamps properly.
7. Stamp Identifier Booklet to enable you to find the countries of origin of all stamps.
8. Land Finder World Map.
9. Packet of Stamp Hinges.
10. Exact full colour facsimile of World's Rarest Stamp. (Original worth over £35,000!)
11. "How to Organise a Stamp Club" leaflet.
12. Super Stamp Club badge in red, white and blue to wear on your lapel.
13. Price list of Albums, Packets of Stamps, Accessories, etc.
14. A sheet of 100 Flag Stamps (gummed and perforated just like stamps) all in correct colours to dress up your album pages.
15. A special packet of 15 different stamps from 10 different countries to start you off on this grand hobby.

The above 15 items will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE if you fill in the coupon below and post it to us with 6d. in stamps for postage and packing. We will also send you a selection of our famous SPECIAL APPROVALS—a booklet of priced stamps. You can buy any you wish or return it if you don't wish to buy them. You are under no obligation to buy anything. All our stamps are catalogued by Gibbons and are guaranteed genuine. We will also send you a free VOUCHER-CHEQUE value 12/6. This enables you to buy a complete £5/- Approval Book at half price, if you wish. Please tell your parents you are sending for this FREE Outfit and Approvals.

To: PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. S.H.1), EASTRINGTON, GOOLE, YORKSHIRE.

Please send me the Free Stamp Collector's Outfit described above and your Special Approvals for inspection. I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

How about your friends? Owing to the value of this Offer, it is limited to one Outfit per applicant. But many of your friends will want to send for this offer, so write their names and addresses on a piece of paper, enclose 6d. for each, and we will gladly send the Outfit and Approvals to them. No need for them to use the Coupon.

THE CLOAK VS. DEATHSHEAD

THE CLOAK'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN! HE'S ONLY GOT ONE SHELL LEFT IN HIS PISTOL WHILE THE DIABOLICAL DEATHSHEAD HAS A WHOLE RIFLE FULL OF LETHAL LASER RAYS! THE GUNFIGHT ON TOP OF THE FREIGHT TRAIN LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S GOING TO END IN VICTORY FOR THE VILE VILLAIN!

THIS SOLITARY SHELL IS NO GOOD! WHAT SHALL I DO?

I'D SAY MY PRAYERS IF I WERE YOU, CLOAK!

NO! I'M NOT FINISHED YET! I'LL USE THE LAST SHELL TO SHATTER THE COUPLING LINKS BETWEEN THESE TRUCKS!

BLAAM!

TA-TA, BONE DOME! THIS IS WHERE WE PART COMPANY!

CURSES! I'M STRANDED! MY ANTI-GRAVITY BELT WON'T GO FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH HIM NOW!

AS THE TRAIN NEARS CIVILISATION...

MY EQUIPMENT HAS DRIED OUT SO I'LL RADIO H.Q. TO COME AND PICK ME UP!

WE'RE ONLY CONCERNED WITH THE ACTION, SO WE'LL SKIP THE DREARY DETAILS OF THE CLOAK'S TRIP HOME AND PICK UP THE STORY AGAIN BACK AT SPECIAL SQUAD H.Q. IN ENGLAND...

WE GOT A BIT WORRIED WHEN WE DIDN'T HEAR FROM YOU FOR SO LONG

I GOT A BIT WORRIED MYSELF AT TIMES! THAT DEATHSHEAD DOPE IS PROBABLY STILL TRAMPING ROUND IN THE JUNGLE SO I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE HEARING FROM HIM AGAIN IN A HURRY!

DON'T SPEAK TOO SOON, CLOAK! AT THIS VERY MOMENT AN ATOMIC SUBMARINE IS SURFACING JUST OFF THE COAST...

HAAH! I'M BACK! I'M STILL DETERMINED TO DESTROY THAT CLOAKED CREEP!

ALL FAITHFUL CLOAK FANS SHOULD **BOO** AND **HISS** AT THIS POINT IN OUR TERRIFYING TALE...

THIS TIME I'VE BROUGHT HELP! MEET DEATHSHEAD'S DOOM BRIGADE! GORILLA, THE BLACK BOWMAN, THE HUMAN FLY AND BULLWHIP WILL EACH TAKE A TURN AT CLOBBERING THE CLOAK!

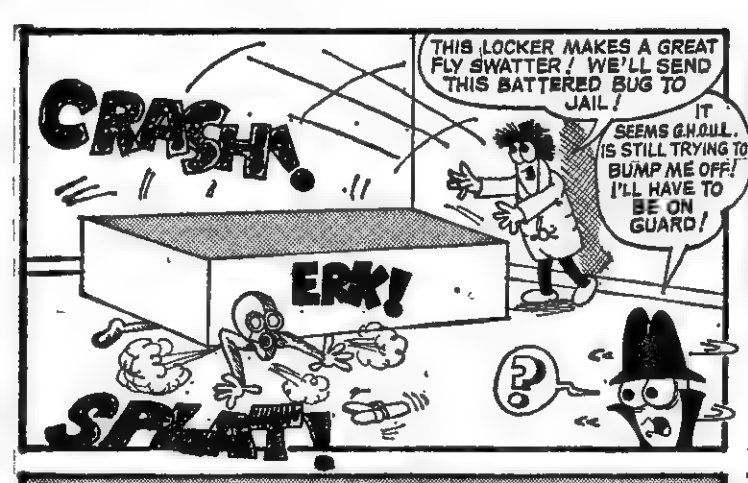
WHEN WE GET TO THE SPECIAL SQUAD BUILDING, YOU CAN HAVE FIRST GO AT KILLING THE CLOAK, HUMAN FLY!

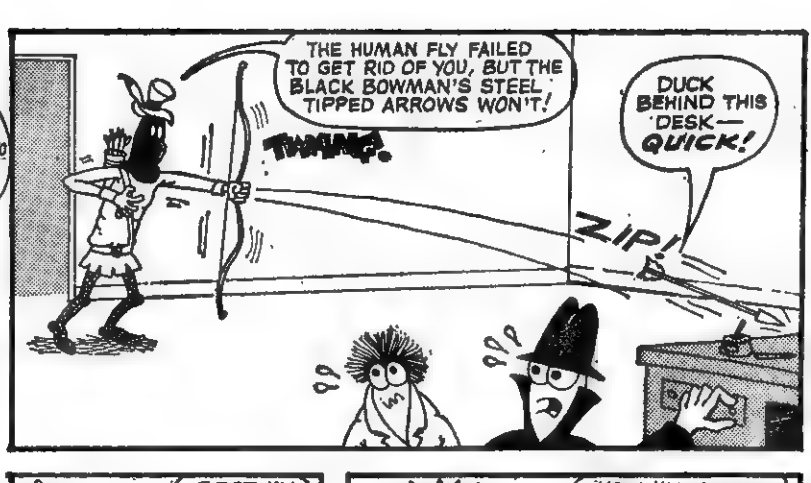
LATER...

I'LL CLIMB UP TO THE CLOAK'S OFFICE AND BLAST HIM WITH MY BUZZ GUN!

THERE'S THE CLOAK! HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

GULP! THAT HUMAN FLY TYPE MUST BE ANOTHER G.H.O.U.L. AGENT! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM FROM SHOOTING CLOAK IN THE BACK!


CRASH!
THIS LOCKER MAKES A GREAT FLY SWATTER! WE'LL SEND THIS BATTERED BUG TO JAIL!
IT SEEMS G.H.O.U.L. IS STILL TRYING TO BUMP ME OFF! I'LL HAVE TO BE ON GUARD!
ERK!
SPLAT!
?


THE HUMAN FLY FAILED TO GET RID OF YOU, BUT THE BLACK BOWMAN'S STEEL TIPPED ARROWS WON'T!
DUCK BEHIND THIS DESK— QUICK!
TWANG!
ZIP!

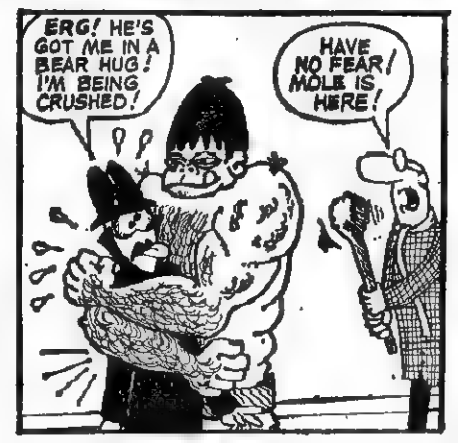
THIS OFFICE VACUUM CLEANER GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA!
TWANG!

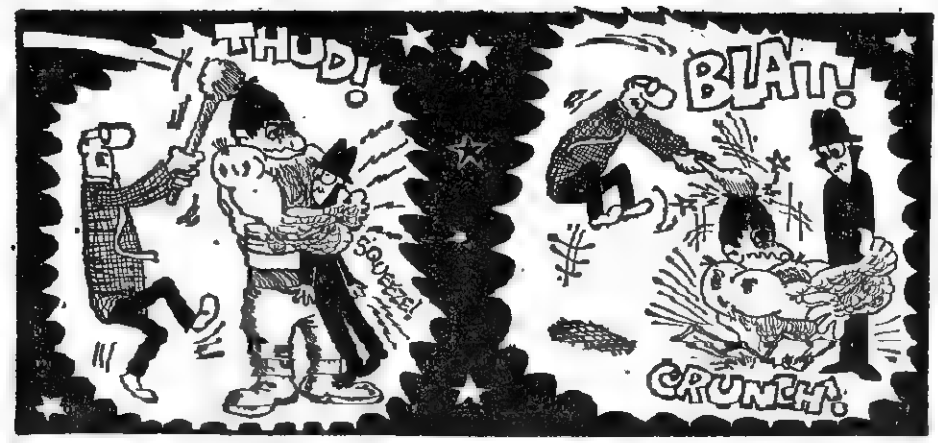
FIRST I'LL SUCK IN A FEW OF HIS ARROWS!
SUCK!

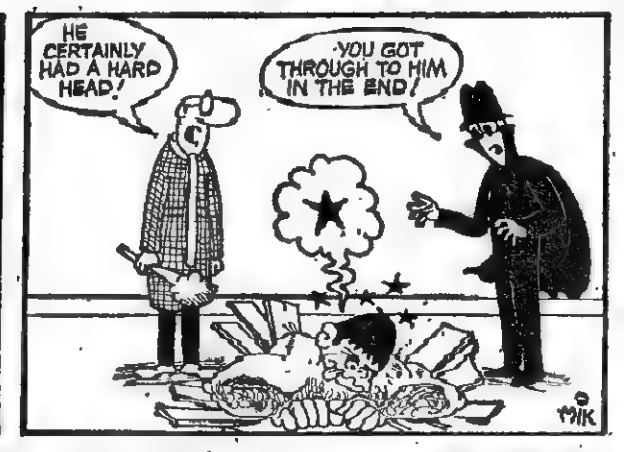
ERK!
NOW I'LL SWITCH THE VACUUM TO "BLOW" AND GIVE HIM HIS ARROWS BACK!
BLOW!

THAT'S PINNED ONE VILLAIN DOWN! I HOPE WE DON'T COME ACROSS ANY MORE LIKE HIM!

GULP! I SPOKE TOO SOON! THIS ONE LOOKS WORSE THAN THE OTHERS!
GRRRRRR!

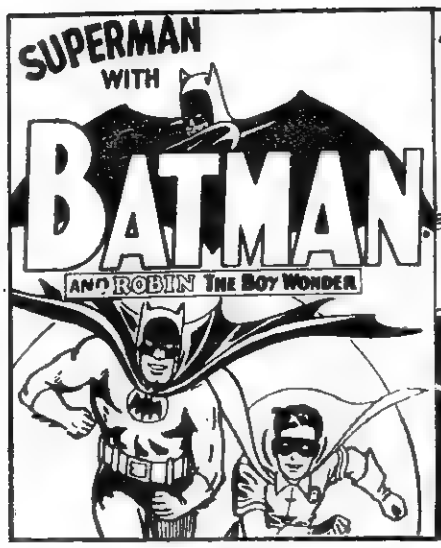

ERG! HE'S GOT ME IN A BEAR HUG! I'M BEING CRUSHED!
HAVE NO FEAR! MOLE IS HERE!


THUD!
SQUEEZE!
BLAT!
CRUNCH!


HE CERTAINLY HAD A HARD HEAD!
YOU GOT THROUGH TO HIM IN THE END!

PHEW! THOSE THREE VILLAINS WERE AFTER MY BLOOD! G.H.O.U.L. MUST REALLY WANT ME OUT OF THE WAY!
WITH THOSE THREE CROOKS IN JAIL YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

HA! YOU DEFEATED THE OTHERS BUT NOW YOU MUST FACE BULLWHIP! MY STEEL COATED WHIP WILL SLASH YOU TO RIBBONS!
OH 'ECK! HERE WE GO AGAIN!
DON'T DARE MISS THE FINAL SHOWDOWN—NEXT WEEK!


SUPERMAN WITH
BATMAN
AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

SUPERMAN FEARS HE IS LOSING HIS POWERS, AND HIS WORRIES ARE WELL-FOUNDED, FOR AS HE TRYS TO FOIL A BANK ROBBERY...
HA! HA!
HA HA! POOR OLD SUPE!
CAN'T STOP THEM... THIS DIZZINESS... TERRIBLE WEAKNESS AGAIN...

WHILE ELSEWHERE...
IT'S WORKING! SUPERMAN IS HELPLESS!
LET ME LOOK!

HE'S DOWN ALL RIGHT-- BUT WHY ISN'T HE DEAD!?

IF I KILL HIM TOO SOON--
--YOUR DEAL WITH THE MOB IS TO KILL SUPERMAN-- NOT JUST TO MAKE HIM WEAK!
BOB KANE
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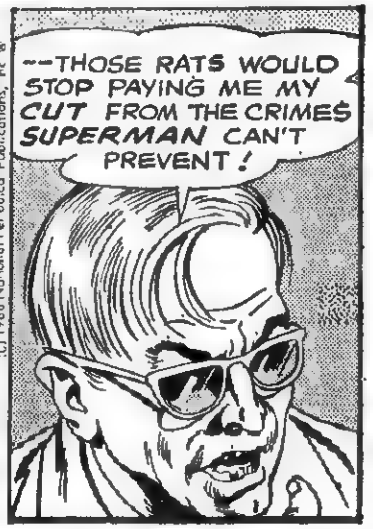
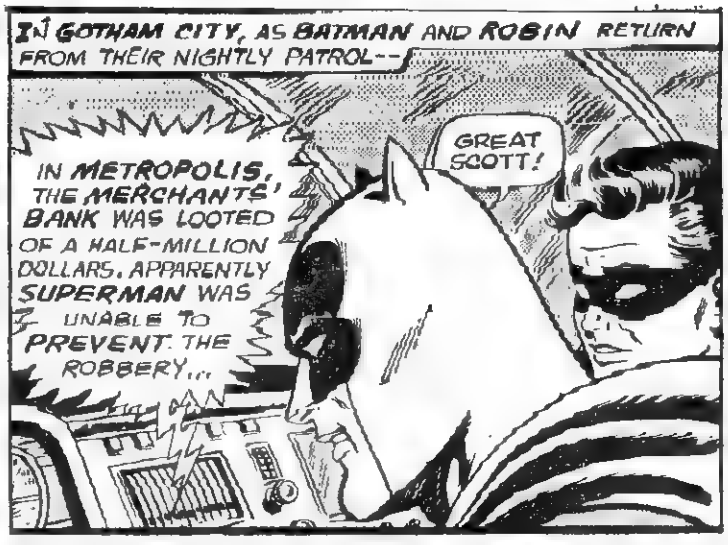

--THOSE RATS WOULD STOP PAYING ME MY CUT FROM THE CRIMES SUPERMAN CAN'T PREVENT!

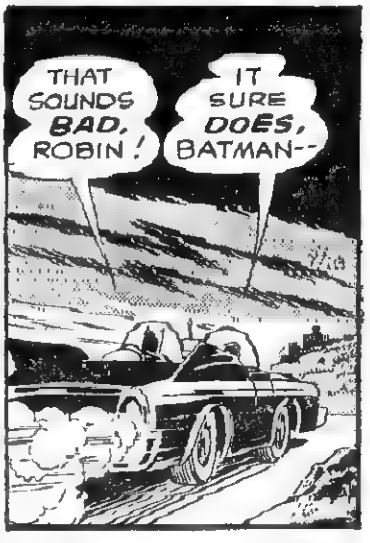
I GET IT! YOU LET SUPERMAN LIVE UNTIL YOU'RE RICH ENOUGH--
EXACTLY! THEN-- ZAP!!

SUPERMAN DRAGS HIMSELF PAINFULLY INTO A DARK ALLEY...
GOT TO... SWITCH TO... MY IDENTITY AS... CLARK KENT...
Digitized by the Legion of Super-Heroes

CAN'T LET PEOPLE--SEE SUPERMAN IN THIS CONDITION... GOT TO GET... HOME...

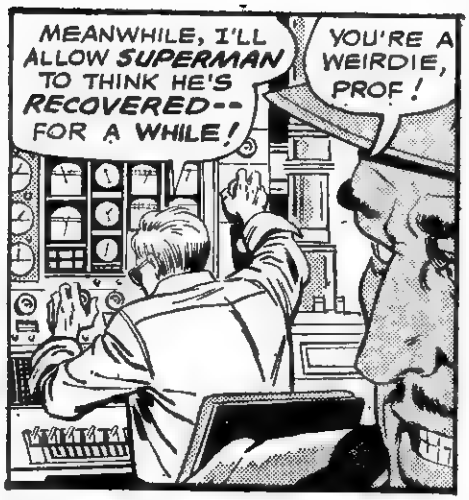
GROWING WEAKER... WEAKER... CAN THIS BE... THE END--??


IN GOTHAM CITY, AS BATMAN AND ROBIN RETURN FROM THEIR NIGHTLY PATROL--
IN METROPOLIS, THE MERCHANTS' BANK WAS LOOTED OF A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS. APPARENTLY SUPERMAN WAS UNABLE TO PREVENT THE ROBBERY...
GREAT SCOTT!


THAT SOUNDS BAD, ROBIN!
IT SURE DOES, BATMAN--

--BUT AFTER ALL, HE CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE!
I HOPE THAT'S THE ONLY REASON...

AND DOWN AMONG THE BADMEN...
I'LL GET 'EM, PROF!
I NEED SOME MORE PICTURES OF THAT CHUNK OF KRYPTONITE AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION!
BOB KANE


MEANWHILE, I'LL ALLOW SUPERMAN TO THINK HE'S RECOVERED--FOR A WHILE!
YOU'RE A WEIRDIE, PROF!

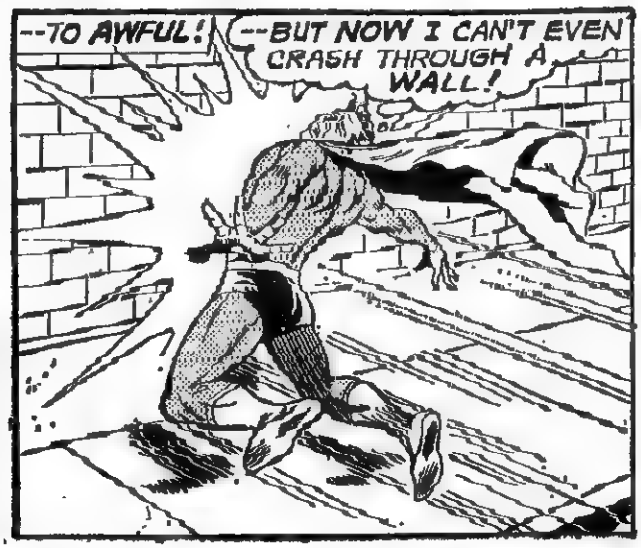
AND IN CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT--
ODD! MY STRENGTH IS COMING BACK! I FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO WORK AGAIN!
PLASTING

--I KEEP WORRYING ABOUT SUPERMAN!
SO DO I, ROBIN! THE NEWS FROM METROPOLIS CONTINUES TO BE BAD!
THOUGH THE DYNAMIC DUO GOES ABOUT ITS OWN CRIME-BUSTING JOB IN GOTHAM CITY--

IT'S WORSE THAN BAD! IT'S TERRIBLE!

I'M AFRAID OUR FRIEND, SUPERMAN, MAY BE LOSING HIS SUPER-POWERS FOR GOOD!

AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, SUPERMAN'S POWERS GYRATE CRAZILY FROM GOOD --
I FEEL GREAT AGAIN!--READY TO COPE WITH ANYTHING!


--TO AWFUL!
--BUT NOW I CAN'T EVEN CRASH THROUGH A WALL!

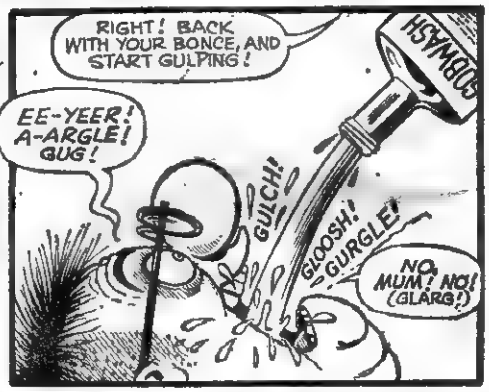
WHA-WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME...?!?

TIME TO... FORGET PRIDE... GOT TO ASK... BATMAN AND ROBIN...FOR HELP!
BATINUED NEXT ISH!

The NERVS

IN FATTY'S GULLET-
WHEW! IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT FAT TWERP TOOK SOMETHING TO CLEAN OUT HIS THROAT! IT'S BUNGED UP WITH OLD GRUB, AND PONGING LIKE MAD!
LOOK OUT POST
FOUL FUMES
BUBBLE GUM

AND NOSEY OL' MUM THINKS THE SAME...
WHOOH-H! (GASP!) IF HE WON'T WASH OUT THAT THROTTLE. I'LL DO IT! I'VE SMELT NICER STALE CHEESE!
PUTRID PONG!
GOBWASH
FOR BAD BREATH


RIGHT! BACK WITH YOUR BONCE, AND START GULPING!
GOBWASH
EE-YEER! A-ARGLE! GUG!
GULCH!
GLOOSH! GURGLE!
NO, MUM! NO! (GLARG!)

HAH! A FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO!
LOOK-OUT POST
WHOOSH
YEAH! IT'S A BLINKIN' BLOW-LAMP WE NEED DOWN HERE!

HEH-HEH! BET THOSE TWERPS IN THE TUM DEPARTMENT DON'T KNOW THIS LOT'S COMIN' DOWN!
AND I'M NOT WARNIN' 'EM - JUST FOR A GIGGLE!
HEE-HEE! TITTER!
ROAR

ONE SARDONIC GIGGLE LATER - IN FATTY'S TUMULTUOUS TUM...
FOOD CHUTE
AGH-H! WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED!
ELP!
HELP!
MAY-DAY!
GUG!

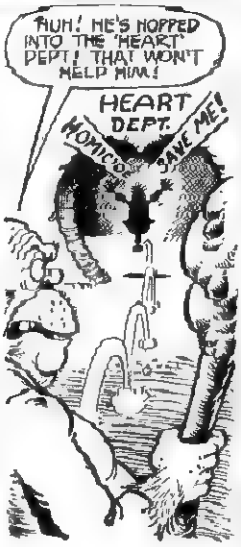
GROOH-H! THAT BLINKIN' MOUTH-WASH TASTED HORRIBLE! I'LL HAVE A FEW EXTRA STRONG MINTS TO TAKE THE TASTE AWAY!
HUH! ANY EXCUSE FOR A GUZZLE!

DOWN IN FATTY'S TUM, AS THE MINTS ARRIVE —
HIC! BURP!
GUR! I'LL FIX THAT LOOK-OUT NERV FOR NOT GIVING US A FLOOD WARNING!
AIR VENT
GOSH! GOOD OL' FATTY! HE'S SENDING DOWN LITTLE LIFE-BELTS!

HAH! FREE! NOW TO ARM MYSELF WITH SOME FORM OF NERY-NOBBLER!

AND, SHORTLY -
HO-HO! THIS'LL DO! I BORROWED IT FROM THE CLUB-FOOT NERVS! NOW TO WINKLE OUT THAT NO-GOOD THROAT NERV!
UM!
UG!

AND TWO TICKS LATER IN THE THROAT-SHAFT
SNARL!
GRAH-H!
NO! NO! I ONLY DID IT FOR A GIGGLE! I WAS BORED STIFF IN THAT LOOK-OUT POST!
HELP!
POTENTIAL MURDER!
GR R-R. YOU'LL BE KNOCKED STIFF, PAL, WHEN I CATCH UP WITH YOU!

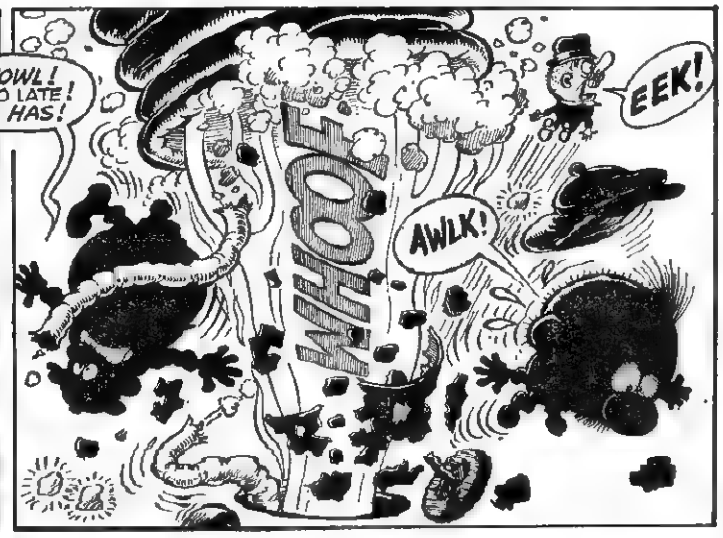

HUH! HE'S HOPPED INTO THE 'HEART' DEPT! THAT WON'T HELP MUM!
HEART DEPT.
HOMICIDE
SAVE ME!

QUICK! TAKE ME TO YOUR HEART! 'FATROP'S' AFTER ME!
GUR! WE'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT BIG GOOF OURSELVES! HE PINCHED ALL OUR 'HEART-STRINGS' TO TIE ON CONKERS LAST AUTUMN! PREPARE TO ATTACK, LADS!
THREE HEARTY CHAMPS!
HEART-BURNER

AND SO
FIRE!
?
ERK!
ZOOM!
SKID!

AGH! CALL IT OFF! 'ELP!
HO-HO! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT – THE BIG FAT TWERP'S GOT COLD FEET!
YEAH! BUT THEY'LL BE HOT FEET WHEN OUR HEART-BURNER CATCHES UP WITH HIM!
ONE FRANTIC GALLOP TO THE 'TUM' DEPARTMENT LATER –
WE'VE PUMPED THE MOUTHWASH FLOOD AWAY. NOW TO FIX THIS FRACTURED GAS-MAIN!
HELP! HELP! AGH-H! HELP!
KEEP CLEAR. NERVS AT WORK.
HISS!
HELP! SAVE ME! AWLK! ROTTEN, BIG BULLY!
BAM!
ZOOM
CAN'T-CHA READ THAT NOTICE? KEEP CLEAR!

EE-YOW-W! BOSS! L-LOOK! THEN RUN!
AGH! BLIMEY! A BRAZIERFUL OF RED HOT COKE PLUNGED INTO THE HOLEFUL OF FUMES! SCARPER, BEFORE IT –!
EH? WASSAT?
?
KEEP CLEAR NERVS AT WORK
LEAD FOR LIFE
WHIZZ
THUD


YOWL! TOO LATE! IT HAS!
EEK!
AWLK!
WHOOF

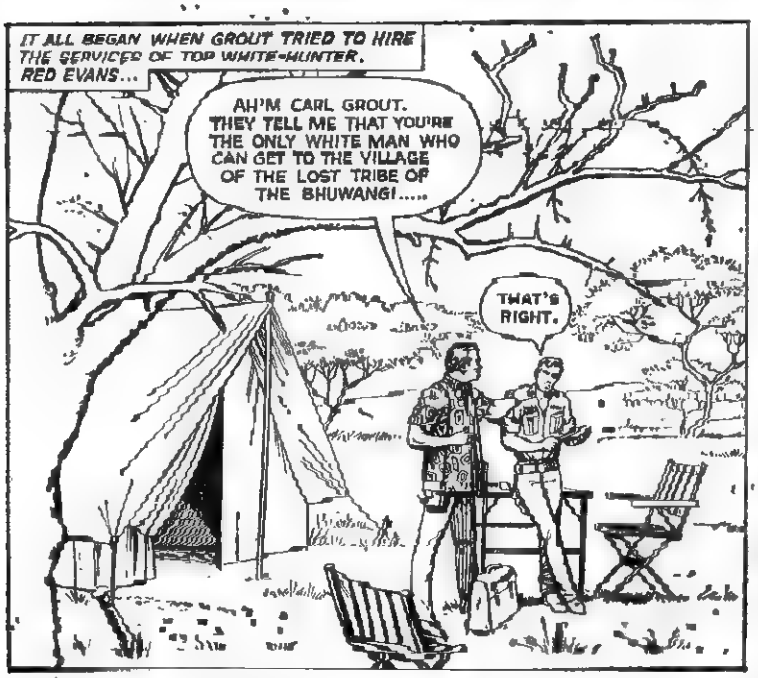
THE GASEOUS INFERNO ROARS UP FATTY'S GULLET PIPE LIKE A VOLCANIC BLAST, AND –
EE-EEK! MUVVER! THOSE MINTS I TOOK MUST HAVE BEEN TOO STRONG! MY THROAT'S ACTING LIKE VESUVIUS!
ROAR
KA-BOOM!

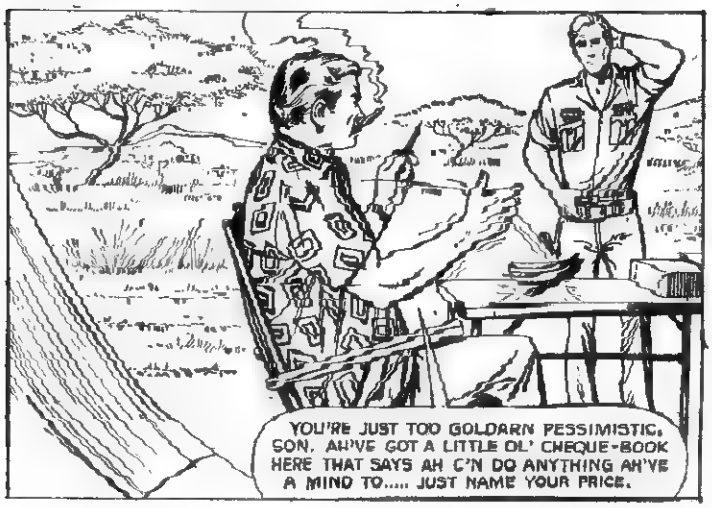
AFTER THE INFERNAL ERUPTION...
AHH! ECSTACY! NOT A TRACE OF PUTRID PONG! BUT AN AROMA LIKE A MIDSUMMER GARDEN. THAT'S THE SOLUTION IN FUTURE... MOUTHWASH AN' MINTS!
HEY! BUT IT'S DONE THE TRICK, MA! TAKE A SNIFF NOW!
FRAGRANT PONG!
SNIFF

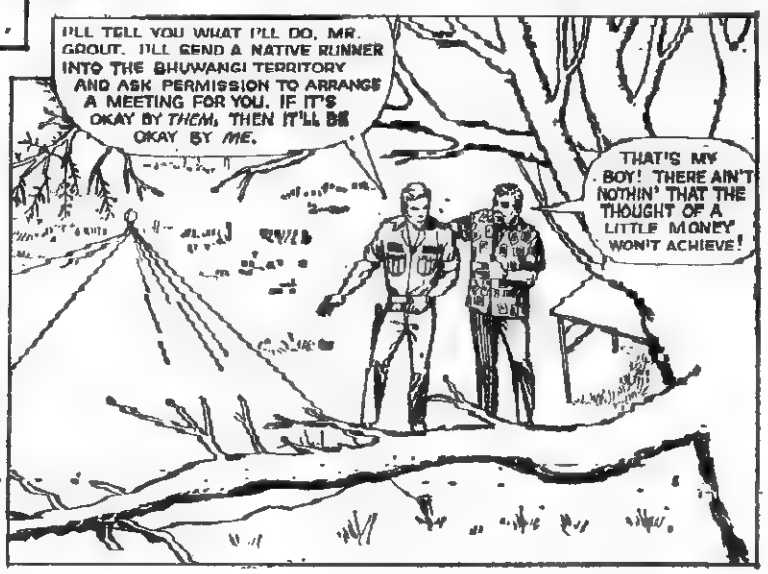
AND THE NEXT DAY IN FATTY'S THROAT SHAFT...
HOW'S THIS, PAL? THEY SPRANG UP OVERNIGHT FROM SEEDS, AFTER FATTY GUZZLED FIVE APPLE PIES AN' A STRAWBERRY FLAN FOR HIS SUPPER!
BOY! NO TRACE OF A PONG NOW!
SNIFF!
OTHER THAN ONE OF SUBLIME BLISS!

The CURSE OF The WITCH DOCTOR

YOUR POW! SHORT STORY







TWO DAYS LATER.....
WHAT'S THAT GOLDARNED THING THIS GUY'S BROUGHT YOU?
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT'S YOUR PASSPORT. IT MEANS THAT YOU WILL BE WELCOME AMONG THE BHUWANGI, IF I TAKE YOU THERE!

THE ILL-ASSORTED PAIR TREKKED THROUGH THE STEAMING, INSECT-RIDDEN JUNGLE FOR NEARLY FOUR DAYS.....
HOW MUCH FURTHER IS THIS STINKING PLACE?
NOT TOO FAR, MR. GROUT..... WE HAD TO SKIRT ROUND THE AGGAHAWI DESERT. FEW HAVE EVER CROSSED THE AGGAHAWI, AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE!

THIS IS THE BHUWANGI VILLAGE. NOW, REMEMBER THAT I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR BEHAVIOUR. SO, TAKE IT EASY.
AH'LL TAKE IT EASY WITH THESE SHRIMPS IF THEY TAKE IT EASY WITH ME. AH CAN'T PROMISE NO MORE THAN THAT, CAN I?

GREETINGS, O BHUWANGI!
GREETINGS, O EVANS OF THE RED MANE!

A HAND SLYLY REACHED OUT AND STROKED GROUT'S PACK. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THE OLD MAN HAD EVER SEEN SUCH A FASCINATING PIECE OF EQUIPMENT.....
WHAT THE.....?

KEEP YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF MY PACK, YOU THIEVING LITTLE SAVAGE!
UGH!

YOU STUPID FOOL! THAT'S THEIR WITCH DOCTOR! NOW WE REALLY ARE IN TROUBLE!
I DON'T CARE WHAT HE IS! NO UNDERSIZED RUNT LIKE THAT TRIES TO STEAL MY GEAR AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

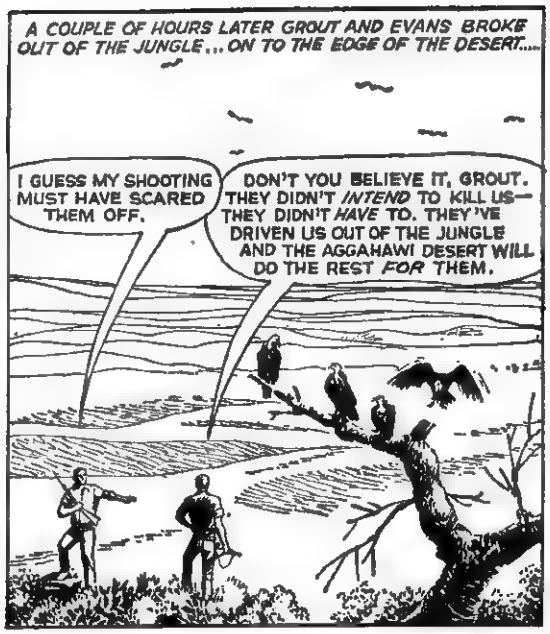
UGAWA KUW GRAMFI... DA WANDI INCO TOW!
WHAT'S THE OLD FOOL SAYING?
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S SOME SORT OF A CURSE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE WHITE MAN LIVING TO REGRET HIS SIZE.

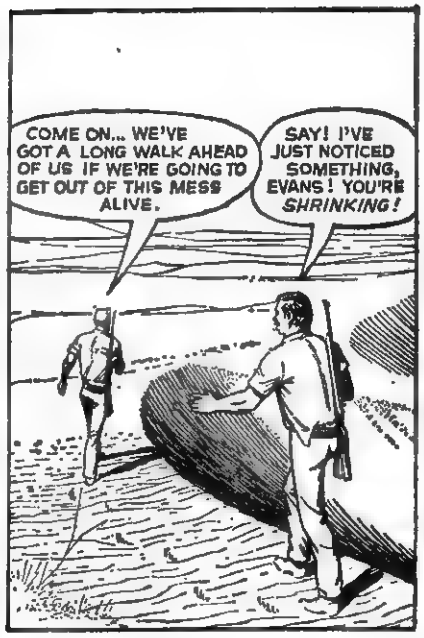
HA-HA! HE MUST MEAN YOU. IT WAS YOU HE WAS POINTING AT!

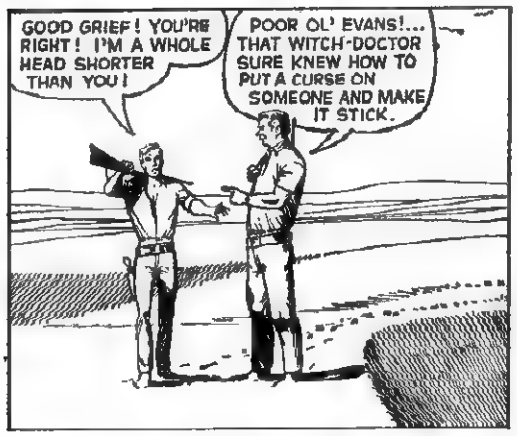
NEITHER OF US WILL LIVE TO REGRET ANYTHING IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!
BAH! I'M NOT SCARED OF A HANDFUL OF SCRAWNY SAVAGES.

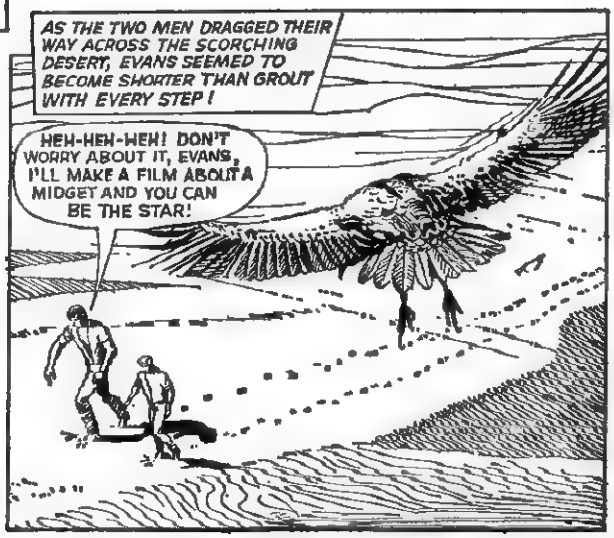
GROUT LIFTED HIS RIFLE, FIRED, AND BROUGHT DOWN A NATIVE WITH A WELL-AIMED SHOT.
THAT REALLY HAS TORN IT! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

THE MAD FOOLS! BUT I'LL BE BACK... WITH ARMY... I'LL WIPE THEM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!


A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER GROUT AND EVANS BROKE OUT OF THE JUNGLE... ON TO THE EDGE OF THE DESERT....
I GUESS MY SHOOTING MUST HAVE SCARED THEM OFF.
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, GROUT. THEY DIDN'T *INTEND* TO KILL US— THEY DIDN'T *HAVE* TO. THEY'VE DRIVEN US OUT OF THE JUNGLE AND THE AGGAHAWI DESERT WILL DO THE REST *FOR* THEM.


COME ON... WE'VE GOT A LONG WALK AHEAD OF US IF WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS ALIVE.
SAY! I'VE JUST NOTICED SOMETHING, EVANS! YOU'RE *SHRINKING!*

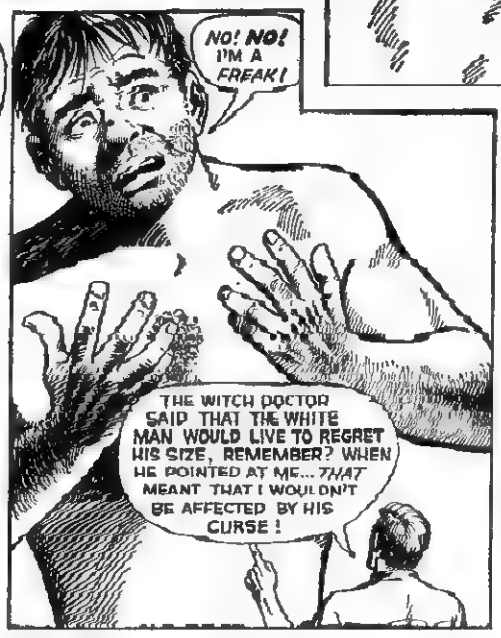

GOOD GRIEF! YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M A WHOLE HEAD SHORTER THAN YOU!
POOR OL' EVANS!... THAT WITCH-DOCTOR SURE KNEW HOW TO PUT A CURSE ON SOMEONE AND MAKE IT STICK.

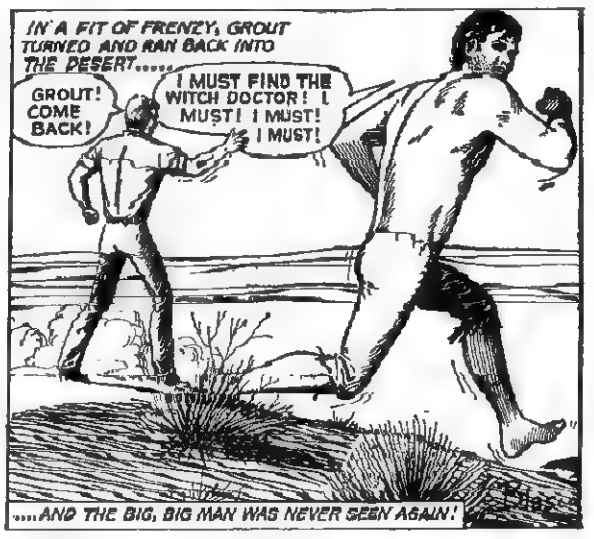

AS THE TWO MEN DRAGGED THEIR WAY ACROSS THE SCORCHING DESERT, EVANS SEEMED TO BECOME SHORTER THAN GROUT WITH EVERY STEP!
HEH-HEH-HEH! DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, EVANS, I'LL MAKE A FILM ABOUT A MIDGET AND YOU CAN BE THE STAR!

ON THE THIRD DAY OF THEIR KILLING MARCH ACROSS THE DESERT, EVANS SUDDENLY SAW THE FIRST SIGNS OF THE LUSH PLAINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AGGAHAWI.
LOOK! WE *MADE* IT!
I...I COULDN'T HAVE GONE MUCH FURTHER...

GROUT! *LOOK!* THAT GAZELLE! IT'S NORMAL SIZE... UNLESS ALL THE ANIMALS IN CREATION HAVE BEEN SHRINKING *WITH* ME!

THAT MEANS.....!
THAT MEANS THAT *I* HAVEN'T BEEN *SHRINKING* ..... *YOU'VE BEEN GROWING!* GOOD GRIEF, YOU MUST BE ABOUT *EIGHTEEN FEET TALL!*


NO! NO! I'M A *FREAK!*
THE WITCH DOCTOR SAID THAT THE WHITE MAN WOULD LIVE TO REGRET HIS SIZE, REMEMBER? WHEN HE POINTED AT ME... *THAT* MEANT THAT I WOULDN'T BE AFFECTED BY HIS CURSE!


IN A FIT OF FRENZY, GROUT TURNED AND RAN BACK INTO THE DESERT.....
GROUT! COME BACK!
I MUST FIND THE WITCH DOCTOR! I MUST! I MUST! I MUST!
....AND THE BIG, BIG MAN WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

"The MOLTEN MAN Regrets...!"

OL' WEB-HEAD HAS JUST ALLOWED A CROOK WHO WAS ROBBING A JEWELLER'S SHOP TO SLIP THROUGH HIS FINGERS—WE KNOW THE CROOK WAS THE MOLTEN MAN IN DISGUISE, DON'T WE? BUT SPIDEY DOESN'T KNOW IT—YET! M.M. GETS CLEAN AWAY AND RETURNS TO HIS HIDEOUT—

WHILE, IN A DIFFERENT PART OF TOWN, WE FIND OUR FABULOUS, FRUSTRATED FRIEND...

NO SIGN OF HIM ANYWHERE!

WHOEVER HE WAS, HE GAVE ME THE SLIP THIS TIME!

THEN, RETURNING TO HIS NORMAL IDENTITY OF PETER PARKER, THE YOUTH READS A FRONT-PAGE ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAS JUST TRANSPIRED...

ACCORDING TO THE JEWELLERY SHOP SALES-MAN'S STATEMENT, THAT WOULD-BE ROBBER CRUSHED A REVOLVER IN HIS BARE HAND!

AND I BELIEVE IT! THE WAY HE WHOPPED ME, HE'S MORE THAN AN ORDINARY EVERYDAY CROOK!

OUT, NOW MUCH MORE! THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

THERE WAS SOMETHING DISTURBINGLY FAMILIAR ABOUT HIM--IF ONLY I COULD PUT MY FINGER ON IT--!

HE COULD EASILY HAVE BEEN WEARING A DISGUISE--SO HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ALMOST ANYBODY! PERHAPS EVEN SOME FORMER ENEMY OF MINE!

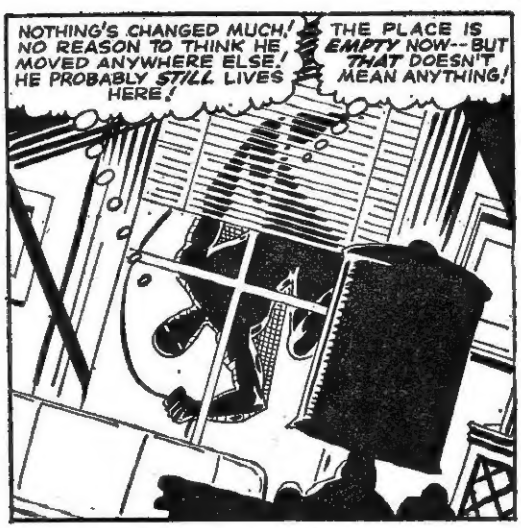
BOY, HE SURE PACKED A PUNCH LIKE IRON!

IRON! IRON'S A METAL! AND HIS PUNCH FELT LIKE METAL!

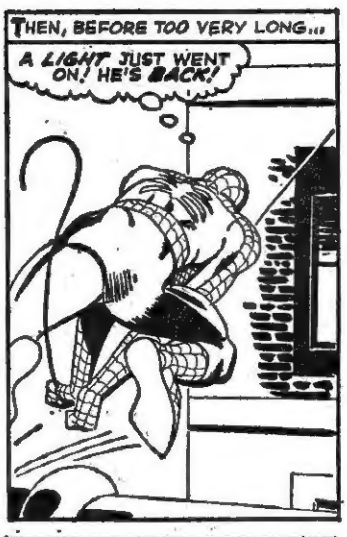
IT'S A LONG SHOT --BUT IT COULD BE-- THE MOLTEN MAN! I'D BET ON IT!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE AMAZING WEB-SLINGIN' ADVENTURER IS BACK ON THE PROWL AGAIN AS HE HEADS FOR A SEEDY LODGING HOUSE, NEAR THE WATERFRONT...

IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY, THIS IS WHERE MOLTEN LIVED THE LAST TIME WE FOUGHT!

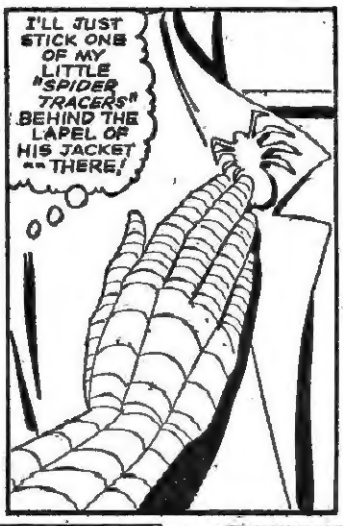

NOTHING'S CHANGED MUCH! NO REASON TO THINK HE MOVED ANYWHERE ELSE! HE PROBABLY STILL LIVES HERE!
THE PLACE IS EMPTY NOW--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING!

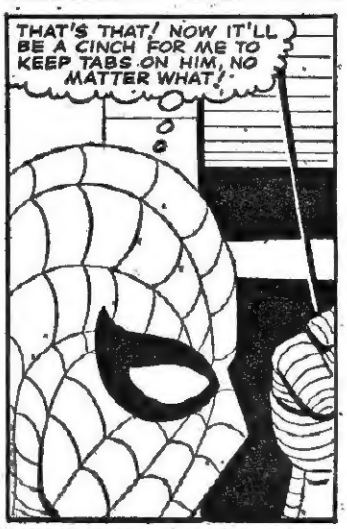
NO HARM IN WAITING AROUND FOR A WHILE AND SEEING WHAT HAPPENS!


THEN, BEFORE TOO VERY LONG...
A LIGHT JUST WENT ON! HE'S BACK!

I WAS RIGHT! HE'S LIVING HERE AGAIN!
BUT, I STILL HAVE NO PROOF THAT RAXTON IS THE MAN I'M AFTER!

A HALF HOUR LATER...
HE'S GONE TO BED! THIS IS MY CHANCE!

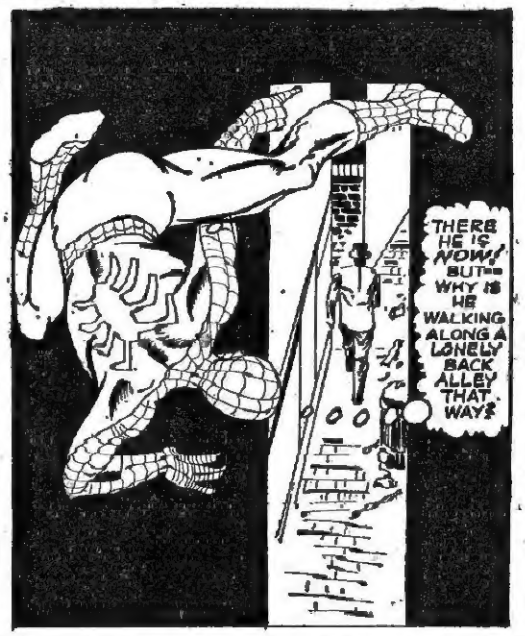

I'LL JUST STICK ONE OF MY LITTLE "SPIDER TRACERS" BEHIND THE LAPEL OF HIS JACKET -- THERE!

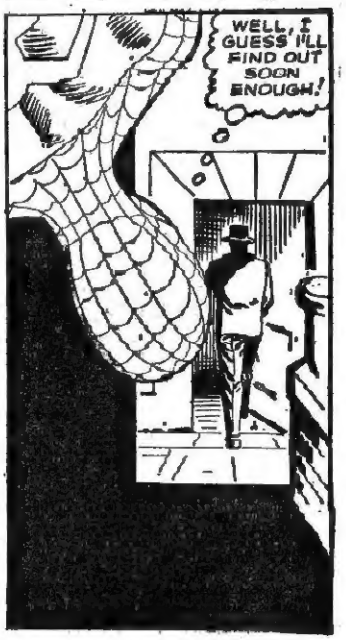

THAT'S THAT! NOW IT'LL BE A CINCH FOR ME TO KEEP TABS ON HIM, NO MATTER WHAT!

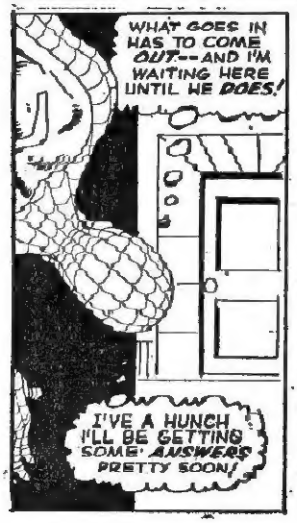
AND, AS THE DAYS SLOWLY PASS...
THERE'S THE SIGNAL! THAT MEANS HE'S ON THE MOVE NOW!

FALSE ALARM! HE'S JUST STROLLING AROUND--! HE SEEMS ABOUT AS MENACING AS A WALKING DOLL!

AND SO IT GOES, DAY AFTER DAY, UNTIL...
THE SIGNAL AGAIN! IT'S PROBABLY A WASTE OF TIME--BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!


THERE HE IS NOW! BUT-- WHY IS HE WALKING ALONG A LONELY BACK ALLEY THAT WAY?


WELL, I GUESS I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!


WHAT GOES IN HAS TO COME OUT--AND I'M WAITING HERE UNTIL HE DOES!
I'VE A HUNCH I'LL BE GETTING SOME ANSWERS PRETTY SOON!

THEN, FINALLY...
HOW ABOUT THAT! HE'S DISGUISED HIMSELF AGAIN!

WHATEVER HE'S UP TO, IT'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING CROOKED, OR HE WOULDN'T NEED A DISGUISE!
SO, THIS TIME I'M NOT LETTING HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!

HE'S CUTTING THROUGH THE ALLEY RIGHT BEHIND THE JEWELLERY SHOP HE TRIED TO ROB BEFORE!
HE MUST FIGURE NO ONE WOULD EXPECT HIM TO TRY THE SAME PLACE A SECOND TIME!

THERE! THAT TAKES CARE OF THE BURGLAR ALARM! NOW, THE REST WILL BE A SNAP!
SKRANGH!

THE LOCK HASN'T BEEN BUILT THAT CAN KEEP ME OUT!
RRRIP!

WHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...
I WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY IF HE KNEW I'M PHOTOGRAPHING HIS WHOLE ROUTINE?!!
CLICK!

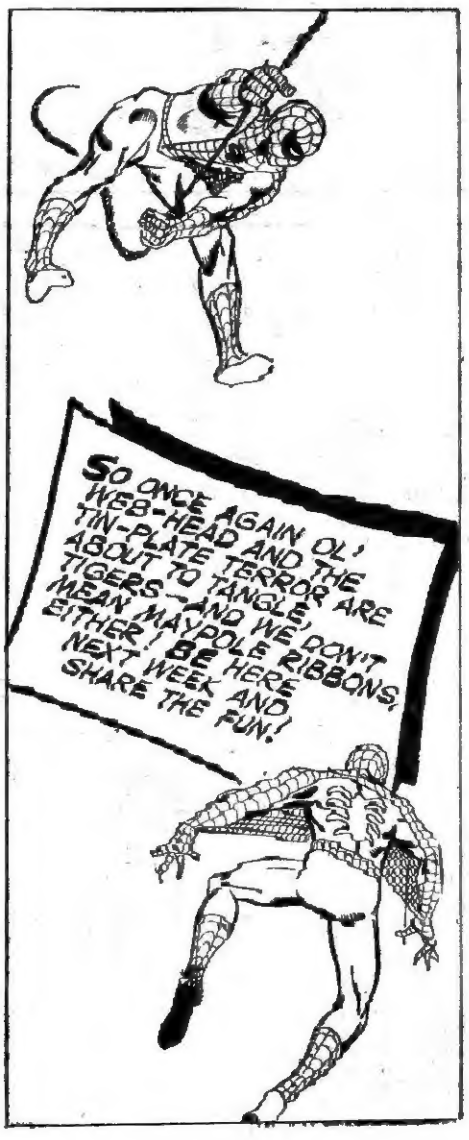
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW, ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET THAT SAFE OPEN, AND THE JOB IS DONE!
AND FOR ME, THAT WON'T BE AS HARD AS IT SOUNDS!

BEING METALLIC ITSELF, MY SKIN IS SENSITIVE TO THE SOUND OF THE OTHER METAL WITHIN THE LOCK TUMBLERS!
IT'LL TAKE ONLY A FEW MORE SECONDS TO DETECT THE PROPER COMBINATION! AHHH--I'M GETTING IT NOW!

YOU SURE ARE!
SPIDER-MAN!!
SHUCKS!! I HOPED YOU'D THINK I WAS THE BIG BAD WOLF!

THAT'S A MIGHTY SHABBY SUIT YOU'RE WEARING, MISTER! IT MIGHT LOOK BETTER IF I COVER IT UP WITH SOME WASH-AND-WEAR WEBBING!
YOU WON'T GET ME WITH THAT BLASTED STICKUM THIS TIME--!

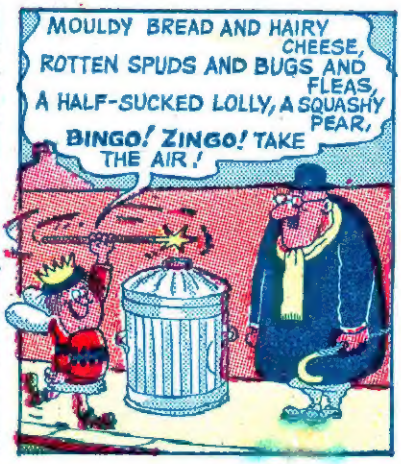
MY SUIT WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED SO I COULD SHED IT IN SECONDS--IN CASE I RAN INTO YOU!
THERE! I GOT OUT OF IT BEFORE YOUR WEBBING COULD COMPLETELY DRY!!
AND NOW, SPIDER-MAN--WE'LL SETTLE THIS MATTER ONCE AND FOR ALL!


SO ONCE AGAIN OL' WEB-HEAD AND THE TIN-PLATE TERROR ARE ABOUT TO TANGLE, TIGERS--AND WE DON'T MEAN MAYPOLE RIBBONS, EITHER! BE HERE NEXT WEEK AND SHARE THE FUN!

BAD PENNY

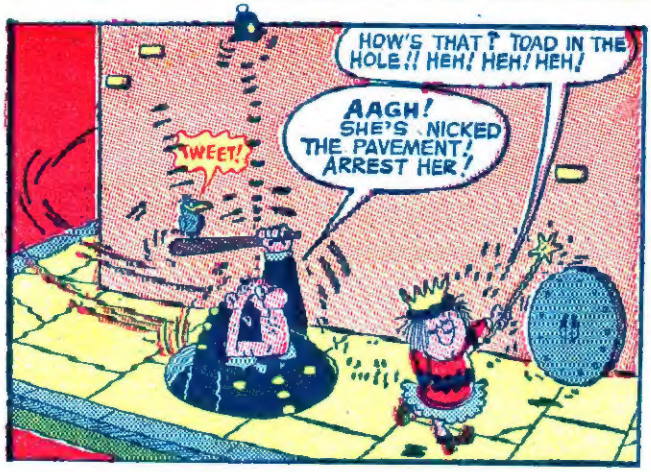
ONE PENNY
1968

I AM THE FAIRY OF THE WOOD — I GO ABOUT A-DOING GOOD!
THAT MONSTER NEVER DID ANY GOOD IN HER LIFE — I'D BETTER KEEP MY BEADY EYE ON HER!

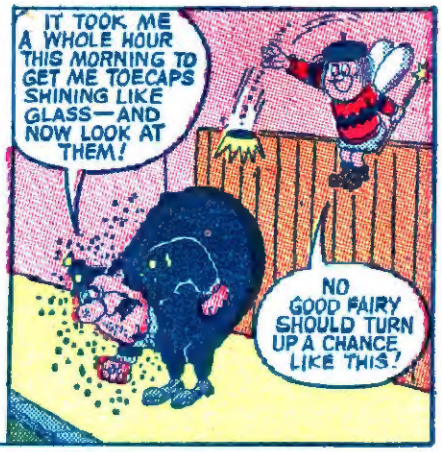

MOULDY BREAD AND HAIRY CHEESE, ROTTEN SPUDS AND BUGS AND FLEAS, A HALF-SUCKED LOLLY, A SQUASHY PEAR,
BINGO! ZINGO! TAKE THE AIR!

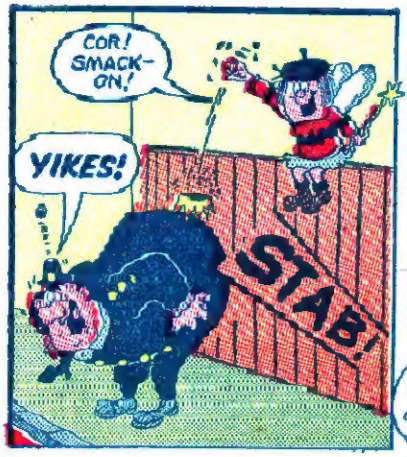
AAGH! SHE MUST BE A REAL WITCH!
GRRR! WITCH, MY FOOT! SHE'S NOTHING BUT A MENACE!

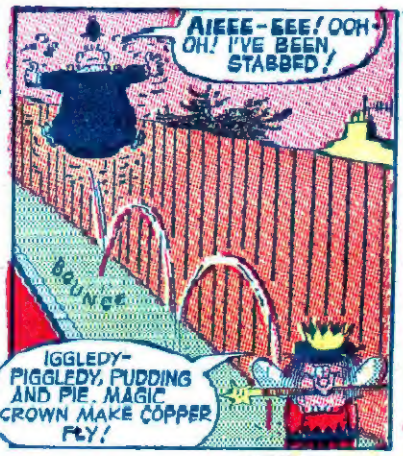
WAAH! LEAVE ME ALONE OR I'LL TURN YOU INTO A TOAD!
GRR! YOU COULDN'T TURN AN EGG! YOU DON'T FOOL ME WITH THAT MAGIC STUFF!


HOW'S THAT? TOAD IN THE HOLE!! HEH! HEH! HEH!
AAGH! SHE'S NICKED THE PAVEMENT! ARREST HER!
TWEET!

COO! THAT MUST'VE BEEN BLACK MAGIC! P.C. PRATT'S ALL BLACK! I'LL WASH IT OFF!
SQUIRT!
GRR! YOU'LL BE ALL BLACK AND BLUE WHEN I GET HOLD OF YOU! THERE WAS A GOOD TON OF COAL DOWN THERE!

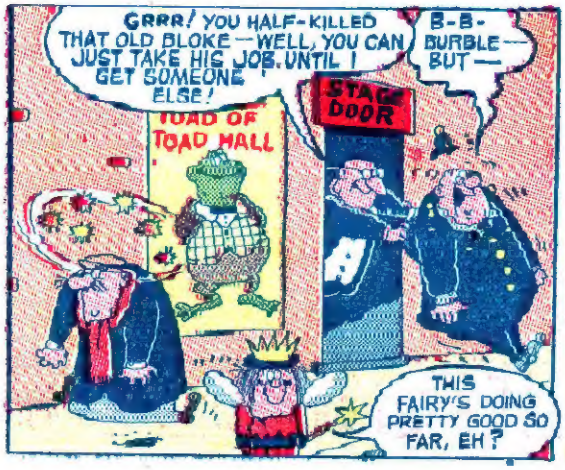

IT TOOK ME A WHOLE HOUR THIS MORNING TO GET ME TOECAPS SHINING LIKE GLASS — AND NOW LOOK AT THEM!
NO GOOD FAIRY SHOULD TURN UP A CHANCE LIKE THIS!


COR! SMACK-ON!
YIKES!
STAB!

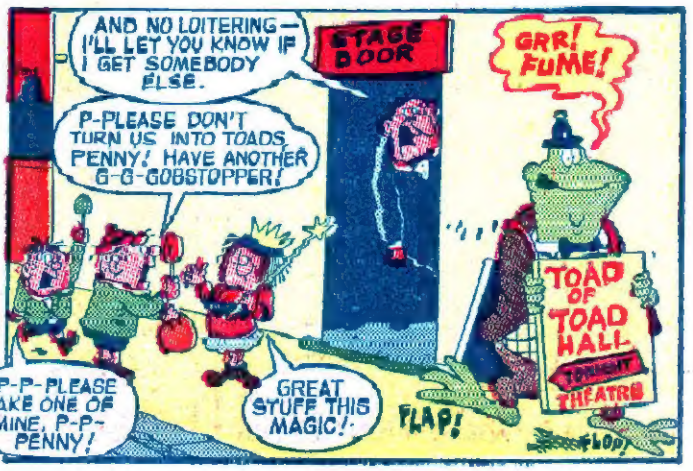

AIEEE-EEE! OOH-OH! I'VE BEEN STABBED!
BOUNCE
IGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY, PUDDING AND PIE. MAGIC CROWN MAKE COPPER FLY!

THE JOB'S YOURS, MY MAN — TEN POUNDS A WEEK AND ALL THE SANDWICHES YOU CAN EAT. START RIGHT AWAY.
TONIGHT TOAD OF TOAD HALL
STAGE DOOR

SUFFERING SERGEANTS! IT'S P.C. PRATT!
AAGH! RIGHT ON ME LUMBAGO! I'M DONE FOR!


GRRR! YOU HALF-KILLED THAT OLD BLOKE — WELL, YOU CAN JUST TAKE HIS JOB. UNTIL I GET SOMEONE ELSE!
B-B-BURBLE — BUT —
TOAD OF TOAD HALL
STAGE DOOR
THIS FAIRY'S DOING PRETTY GOOD SO FAR, EH?

HO! HO! HO! I DID IT! I DID IT! HEE! HEE! HEE! I TURNED THE BIG TWERP INTO A TOAD! HA! HA! HA!


AND NO LOITERING — I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I GET SOMEBODY ELSE.
STAGE DOOR
GRR! FUME!
P-PLEASE DON'T TURN US INTO TOADS, PENNY! HAVE ANOTHER G-G-GOBSTOPPER!
TOAD OF TOAD HALL
TONIGHT THEATRE
P-P-PLEASE TAKE ONE OF MINE, P-P-PENNY!
GREAT STUFF THIS MAGIC!
FLAP!
FLOP!